NOCTURNES. Charles H. Adoms in The Hartford Concrant. THE BELL.

A bell is tolling, tol mg, In the church-tower, black and high; Across the s eeping city The low, hoarse sob rol s by. Across the reefs of the city,
White in the fu i moon's glow;
Across the graves in the church-yard,
Heaped with the drifted snow,

The sob of the hell is sounding, In the hush of the winter night; O ringer in the church tower, Was, then, my heart so light?

THE RIVER. The lights of the city g immer In the swift, b ack wave below; Like ghosts that flit in the g caming, The white ships come and go.

White and dim and stately, The good ships seaward go.
Luck to ou, captains and sailors,
However the winds may blow!

White and dim and stately, The good ships homeward throng; Welcome, captains and sai ors, Your voyage has been long! And sweethearts' eves shall gusten,

And wives shall jo fulbe, As the little children listen To your tales of the stormy sea. But what are the wrecks you tell of To the wreck of a love like mine;

The river murmurs and glitters;

Above, the cold stars shine.

THE SHORE. A wind blew in from the Narrows, The sea- grass rustled and shook; Into the darkness glimmered The beacon on Sandy Hook.

Above in the great pavilion
The dancers circled and swaved, To the p as ing of the musicians; What was the valse they p:ayed?

Am schönen, blauen Fonan—
The rich notes rose and fell;
Their witching, honey-sweet cadence
Cast on the night a spell;

A spel on the maiden fair, 'ho g ides, her head on his shoulder, His breath in her ye low hair. A spell on the lonely watcher,

A spell on the German lover;

Stretched on the sands below; Fanned by the breeze from the Narrows; Watching the beacon's glow. Am schönen, blauen Donau—
The years are backward ro'led;
The du', grav sands beneath him
Are glittering sands of go d.

It bows from the Happy Islands,
This breeze like a fluttering dove;
And the red light, glowing londer,
Is the rese-red beacon of love.

Am schönen, blauen Donau—
—I wake from my foolish dreams;
Chillis the wind from the Narrows;
Coldis the beacon gleams.

JACK'S COURTSHIP.

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK. BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. Author of "The Wreck of The Grassenor," "A Sea

Queen," "An Ocean Free-Lance," etc. CHAPTER XV. A TERRIBLE BLOW.

As well as I can remember I had been about two months absent from London when I returned to it; though, when I entered my rooms, and looked about me, and thought of the day when my uncle drove up, and introduced himself, and gave me that invitation to Clifton which had ruined my peace of mind-ay, as completely as if I had committed a forgery or set fire to a church-it seemed that a year, and a very long one, too, had elapsed since then. But I had not been in town a couple of days before I discovered that I should have enjoyed an easier mind had I stopped in Bristol. I had hoped to find the time bowl along; I reckoned upon getting some amusements out of my old town habits and returning to my courtship the fresher for the change. But I mistook. London I found so insipid that a positive loathing for it came over me. My club was a bore, and the gossip of the men theretheir cheap talk about the new actress, Jenkins's last novel, the quarrel between the two Q. C,'s, and the like-mere impertinence, flat, flatulent and rank. The tragedian whom formerly I had considered a great artist I found now to be a poor, mouth-

flood. At Bristol I had Sophie; there was Clifton Lodge to look at: there were spots full of lovely memories. But London! it was all shoving and elbowing in the streets, not even a shop-window that I could fix upon as having been consecrated by Florence's gaze, and nothing but her adorable likeness to console me. However, since I had come to London I made up my mind to stop until I should hear of my darling's arrival at Bristol, as I did not want my relations to think me capricious and unstable by returning, and so making myself out as not knowing what to be at. Meanwhile, I wrote to Sophie pretty nearly every other day, venting my-Sophic pretty nearly every other day, venting my-seif in such a style that I have no doubt were I now to see my letters to her I should feel very heartily ashamed of myself. She always answered me puncseif in such a style that I have no doubt were I now to see my letters to her I should feel very heartify ashamed of myself. She always answered me punctually, and somehow always managed to make out a long letter, though the dear girl had very little news to give me; but her sympathy was delightful, and she contrived to apologize for Florence not writing to her from Scotland, so artfully—she invented so many able excuses for my sweetheart's silence—that for a pretty good spell of time I do not recollect very keenly feeling the disappointment of opening her letters and finding no second inclosure. She might be ill, Sophie would suggest, or, perhaps, she had made up her mind not to write until she could see her way to receive a reply anknown to her papa, who, of course, was not likely to sanction my correspondence between her and the Misses Seymour; or she might be under a find of restraint through Anut Damaris's vigilance.

Well, Sophie's excuses for Florence satisfied me, as I have said, for a time; but when letter after letter arrived from my consin without a word from my darling, my soul grew very grievously worried.

as I have said, for a time; but when letter after letter arrived from my cousin without a word from my darling, my soal grew very grievously worried. Her waiting "in order to see her way to receive a reply maknown to her papa" would hot do; it did not satisfy me. She might write any way, and if she could not get Sophie's answer without the risk of her father plumping upon it, then let her request my cousin not to address a letter to her. Was Annt Damaris prevailing? Was young Morecombe with her and gathering headway? Was absence, instead of making the heart grow fonder, doing the other thing? I arrived at such a pass that I would sometimes say to myself, "Jack, you fool, it is all up, your dream is over, my lad. This is your first love affair—you see what it has come to. The girl was never in carnest; she enjoyed your being so and helped you to sink, because all women like admiration, and there's no flattery like a man's love. That's real; words may mean anything; but love's a fact, something to lean against, something to eatch hold of. What will you do now!? I write light-heartedly of that time; but as a bit of living experience it did this for me, it filled me for the rest of my life whosefully and is decreived. There are many my life with compassion for man or woman who reshonestly and is deceived. There are many man troubles over which the world makes merry, Ruman troubles over which the world makes merry, and disappointed love is among them; for that, perhaps, we have to thank the old comedy writers and our latter-day cynies, who are somewhat sensitive in their way too, though very bitter; but, depend upon it, mates, a young, generous, affectionate heart deceived in its first love so suffers as to be a mournful sight. Other loves may follow; the first wound may be healed, the sear effaced; but while that wound is fresh the torment is share companied may be may be healed, the scar cffaced; but white that wound is fresh the torment is sharp enough to make even a monkey who shall witness it pensive; and I would as soon now think of jeering at the nipping and blasting of the first pure bud put forth by human affection—and God pity the man or woman whose first is not pure—as of ridicaling a person praying, or laughing at a mother weeping over her dead first horn.

praying, or laughing at a mother exception dead first-horn.

However, I had not to wait over long before the convenient of the convenient However, I had not to wait over long before coming to an answer to my question, What will you do now? for one morning—and this made the time very nearly a month since Florence Hawke had gone to Scotland—there came a letter from Sophie, the bulkiest I had ever had from her, and when I opened it I found four pages of crossed handwriting from Florence, with half a dozen of lines from my cousin, who struck so dismal a note in the very little she said that I am able to recall every syllable of it, from the memory of the consternation if raised in me.

"My Poor, DEAR Jack,"—she began; think of that: poor dear Jack!—"It is with deep sorrow I bend you Florence's letter. I fear it will greatly affect you, because nobody knows so well as I how * Exclusive right to zerial publication in America perchased

fond you are of her. Yet you would not forgive me if I did not keep my promise to forward any letter she should write. You must cheer up and try to look this thing bravely in the face, and if Florence and you are fated not to come together, why then, what can you do but console yourself by remembering that there are as good fish left in the sea as ever came out of it. came out of it.

"Yours affectionately, SOPHIE SEYMOUR."

what can you do but console yourself by remembering that there are as good fish left in the sea as ever came out of it.

"Youra affectionately, Sofilie Sexmour."

Lads, I'll not attempt to define my feelings when I read this. I was all of a tremble, as old chimney-hags say. I rushed to the conclusion that my darling had been urged to accept Mr. Morecombe and was going to be married to him in due course; and the groan that echoed through Sophie's letter resounded down to the very bottom of my son!. I took up Floremee's closely written sheet and fell to spelling it over with aslen lips. But as I made my way into the network of words—why will girls cross their letters? Is not paper cheap enough?—a sersation very different from the one just excited was produced in me. It was a kind of despair too; but of the nature of a pure balsam to my heart, after the desperate throb'that had first wrenched it. The letter was addressed to Sophie, and dated at Dunkeld, and my darling began by explaining that she had deferred writing to Sophie until she was able to communicate something positive. "We have been here a fortnight," wrote she, "and in that time! have watched matters gradually shaping themselves to the point we have arrived at, and about which I am at last able to write definitely." I gathered that there had been a good many "scenes." Aunt Damaris had taken her in hand, and remonstrated with her for rejecting Mr. Morecombe. The young fellow called upon them in London, but did not accompany them to the North. What Aunt Damaris saw of him delighted her. She was lost in amazement that Florence could refuse so handsome, so well-hred, so aristocratic a youth. "I will not repeat," my adorable girl wrote, "the arguments she and papa have used to try to make me accept a person I accer could like. Between them they have made me truly unhappy. Indeed, papa seems quite to have lost control over his temper, and never neglects a chance to speak insultingly of your cousin, though I have solemnly declared to him that Mr. Jack Seyhour

this yarn I have given.

Well, as I have said, the truth came as a kind of relies to me after the fears which Sophie's note had excited. I had made up my mind to hear that she was going to be married to Mr. Morecombe; and so passionately did I love her, that had that been the news, I do believe it would have affected me as much as if I had heard that she was dying. But, though the first movement of my mind was comparatively one of pleasure, when I had read her letter and found that, let her relatives worry and bully her as much as they pleased, they could not persuade her to take Mr. Morecombe, yet, when my mind received the full meaning of her father's intention to send her to the other end of the world, I felt positively crushed, and sat like a fool, staring at the letter in my hand, unable to form any ideas, and incapable of understanding more than that some thousands of miles of ocean were to be put between my darling and me, and that many a long mouth must pass before we should see each other; if, indeed, we ever again met. As you know, I had for some time feared that a great deal of what would prove bad for me was to happen. I had calculated upon her father carrying her out of England, and roaming with her about Europe, until, as I have before said, he might flatter himself he had travelled me clean out of her sphere, and educated her into a proper conception of the merits of the youth he wanted her to marry; but never had I reckoned upon his sending her to Australia—that is to say, to the other side of the globe, right away past the Cape of Good Hope and across the Southern Ocean! And yet, now that this thing was settled upon, I saw that it was more likely he should send his daughter to her native land along with her anant, than turn to and make a martyr of himself by hauling her about Spain and France and such countries. Australia sounds a long way off; but even as a sailing voyage it is no serious business; and if Hawke supposed that I was at the botton of his daughter's refusal of Morecombe, if the co this yarn I have given.
Well, as I have said, the truth came as a kind of

was fill-advised in section in the structure of Sydney to dispatch his daughter with her to that place.

But as for mee, what was I now to do, mates? For a whole hour, maybe, I sat glaring at Florence's letter; and then something rescribing my senses act.

The truth is, I ought to have stopped at Bristol. In London I was peevish, irritable, moody, nothing was congenial; there was no one whose arm I could take and to whom I could pour out my heart; I felt the solitude described by Byron when he speaks of a man being alone in crowds, and again and again called myself an ass for not sticking to the country, where I could have gone on musing over fell and flood. At Bristol I had Sophie; there was Clifton Lodge to look at: there were spots full of lovely memories. But London! it was all shoving and elbowing in the streets, not even a shop-window that I could fix upon as having been consecrated by the structs, and then adventing her, how was I now to do, mates? For a whole hour, maybe, I sat glaring at Florence's letter; and then something rescubing my senses coming to me, I wrote four or five pages to Sophie, in which I declared that my heart was broken, that I had a dreadful presentiment upon me that Florence and I were never to need again, that as to be rone and I were never to need again, that as to be rone and I were never to need again, that as to be rone and I were never to need again, that as to be rone and I were never to need again the gone of meeting her, how was I now to do, mates? For a whole hour, maybe, I sat glaring at Florence's letter; and then something rescribing my senses coming to me, I wrote four or five pages to Sophie, in which I declared that my heart was broken, that I had a dreadful presentiment upon me that Florence and I were never to need again, that as to be one and I were never to need again, that as to be one and I were never to need again, that as to be one and I were never to need again, that as to be one and I were never to need again, that as to be one one and I were never to nee

CHAPTER XVI.-A GRAND IDEA.

I do not know at what hour of that blessed day the glimmer of the notion that was to grow into a determined scheme might have been visible upon my mind-1 reckon it would be in the evening; but be this as it may, I was sitting in my lodgings with Florence's letter in my hand, when on a sudden I found myself thinking "Stratkmore-Strathmore? why that's the name of one of the ships belonging to the employ I was in; she will be an Australian liner too"; and I took up a daily newspaper and ran my eyes down the shipping advertisements, and after a little lighted upon this:

" For Sydney direct, taking passengers at through rates to other ports in Australia and New-Zealand, for which a separate arrangement must be made the magnificent composite clipper-ship Strathmore 100 A 1, 1381 tons' register, Daniel Thompson Commander; lying for inspection in the East India Docks. This favorite regular trading vessl is one of the fastest ships in the Australian trade. Her cabins are elegantly fitted and supplied with every convenience, including beds and bedding. She will carry a surgeon. For further particulars apply to Duncan, Genighty & Co., Fenchurch-st., London."

carry a surgeon. For further particulars apply to Duncan, Geighty & Co., Fenchurch-st., London," This, then, was the Strathmore, sister ship to the Portia, my last vessel, owned by my late cambovers; and unless there was more than one man of the same mane in that service, she was commanded by an old shipmate of nine, Daniel Thompson, who had been second mate of the Montrose when I was in her as third. Now, ever since I had given up the sea as a profession, my thoughts and tastes had held so steadily landwards that I do not remember I had once gone so far as even to giance at the shipping intertisements in search of a familiar mame; while, during the three years I had been ashore. I was never nearer to the region where the docks of the part of London he than Leadenhall Street. Nor (perhaps because I stock tenacionsly to the west end of the town) had I at that time crossed the part of a former shipmate—stay! three months after I had been ashore I met a third mate I knew, slightly disguised in liquor, in Waterloo Place; he would have lovingly embraced me, but I dedged his arms and sent him off happy with the loan of half a sovereign, which he said would be all the money he had in the world; but he was the only sailor-man of my acquaintance I had eccountered since I left the sea.

This long severance from my old life made it seem a great way off, and when I read the names of, Strathmore and Daniel Thompson, memories which appeared to belong to another world rose up, and I leii a-musing, while, without the least presentiment of what was to come from this new train of thought, I raked about in the dust of my mind for recollections, and constructed a picture with them of my sentaring days. There are a good many minacles in this world, from the animal clue you don't see to the man so constituted by nature as to be able to raise his foot to a woman; but there is

of what was to come from this new train of thought, I raked about in the dust of my mind for recollections, and constructed a picture with them of my sentaring days. There are a good many mirrogales in this world, from the animalenic you don't see to the man so constituted by nature as to be able to raise his foot to a woman; but there is nothing in that line to beat the mechanism of thinking, the way in which the mangination catches hold of the crank of the mind and turns it, bringing apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch ratting apidea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a stean-winch at the state of this I include a the state of this I included a the state of this I included a think her."

But, man alive, think of Alphonso's feelings when small the ship that was afraid that he would cannot b

why, you may suppose when I put myself upon her why, you may suppose when I put myself upon her poop, in fancy, I saw her as clearly as a man might figure the wife of his bosom by recalling her appearance. One thought led to another: I pictured Florence aboard, Captain Thompson mightily taken by her beauty, and giving her his arm for a walk to windward whenever there was sea-way enough to make such gallantry reasonable; then the bright picture of the enddy, as I could remember it on fine days came up, with its table agleam with damask and glass, stewards wandering around it, a pleasant company of ladies and gentlemen cating and drinking, and I figured Florence among them; and anon rose the fancy of the breathless tropical evening, the moon in the south, the dew like diamond dust upon the rails and skylights, and Florence standing alone, looking away into the infinite leagues of gloom.

Now it was at this or at son a other point of my

Now it was at this, or at sor, other point of my reflections very near to it, when the sense of her going away and the conception of these immeasurable miles which would separate her from me when she had sailed had cut into my heart like a knife, bring my down a whole flood of those fixed which men who have nearly and again at times of misery in their lives—at this point of my reverie, I say, an idea flashed upon me that caught my breath like a blow in the side; an extraordinary exultation seemed to swell my head to four times its proper dimensions—Do you smule at that, mates? well, next time you are rendered hysterically joyful note the sensation in your head and hair—and in a trice I had sprung out of my chair, and was walking about the room as hard as my legs would carry me, my cheeks burning with the sudden excitement.

And what do you suppose it was citizen in me like a part of a confortual? Nothing more than the simple question asked me by some faculty inside me I'm willing to call divine. I hydroity gos go be set with Horocc? It was a revelation; a noble possibility; and as easy to do as calling a cab and driving to a railway station. How was it that the idea aid not instantly occur to me when I read Florence's letter? I'm sure I cannot teil you, I was rendered mandlin and mindip by the news, I suppose, and could not come to me, use and when I read Florence's letter? I'm sure I cannot teil you, I was rendered mandlin as cont of one eye. But per to understand as boxiliation of the complex of the complex of the whole matter square and ship-shape in my brains.

It was one of those adventures, indeed, which no man could be better qualified to undertake than a sailor, and in a score of respects might I reckon my-self privileged. First of all, I hade no calling to detain me at home; I was an independent man, and was all the same to me whether I lived in London was all the same to me whether I stayed as hore or went to be either, for whether I stayed as hore or went to be either, for whether I stayed as hore or

"Why !" sand I, "do you think I've been ill ?" "No, he; I judge from what Sophie told me. She had a letter from you this morning—a regular twister. She wouldn't show it to me, nor should I have had time to read it, for I barely saved the express by one minute. But she said you were very anhappy, and roast me if you could have made her greeve hore had you asked her to your funeral and then hanged yourself."

"It is very true," said I; "when I wrote that I was miserable enough. You know, of course, that Florence is to be packed off to Australia?"

"When you wrote you we've miserable enough; aren't you so now i'' be inquired.

"Yes," said I, "very."

"Tow's your appetite, Jack?"

"I'm quite ready for lunch," I answered.

He burst into a hairh and was about to speak, but smothered up his words in a cough as the waiter entered. We took our seats at the table, and while we lunched my uncle went away from all reference

smothered up his words in a cough as the waiter entered. We took our seats at the table, and while we innehed my nucle went away from all reference to Florence and Australia and my misery, by telling me the object of his visit to town; which was, I think, for I cannot clearly remember, to buy some building land at Chiton, and he was somewhat hively in, his abuse of a selicitor who had left him about ten innuites before my arrival. And yet I could not help taking notice that all the while he was chattering he koked at me as if there was something in his thoughts behind what he was saying. At last, when the waiter had cleared out and left us alone, be fell into a short silence, inspecting me contemplatively; and then says he, "So, Jack, you are to lose Florence I"

"I hope not." I replied.

re to lose Florence!"
"I hope not," I replied.
"But you know she's going to Australia!"

"Yes,"
That's about twelve thousand miles off, isn't it ?" "Call it twelve thousand." I replied.

said he.

"Call it twelve thousand." I replied.

"A deace of a separation is twelve thousand miles," he exclaimed. "And all water, mind—no railways from here to Australia, my lad; and there's a mighty pause between the posting of a letter and the getting a reply to it."

"Pon't make me utterly miscrable, uncle,"
He eyed ne with a book made up of amusement and inquisitiveness. "Do you know," cried he, "you don't appeat half miscrable enough; you've like Steele's haite,—the more you get the jollier you look. What will Sophie think when I tell her of your appeatite, and that, instead of being a shadow, you seem to be fatter than when I last saw you?"

"She'll think that I'm too much occupied, in groping about after daylight to be bricken down," I replied, feeling my way with him, as I imagined.

He took another long stare at me, and then, cocking his eye in a manner peculiarjto himself, he said; "I wonder what's in your mind? I wonder if what's there resembles what's here?" tapping his forehead, "I don't believe there's an atom of blarney about your feeling for Florence, and conequently you're a deal too comfortable and pleasant in your belavior, there's too much satisfaction

forchead. "I don't believe there's an atom of blarney about your feeling for Florence, and concequently you're a deal too comfortable and pleasant in your beliavier, there's too much satisfaction mixed up in your face, not to give me a notion that if you felt yourself up a tree yesterday, when you wrote your Paradise Lest of a letter to Sophies—in her hand, man, it looked as long as Mahomet's Al-Koran—you've managed, "somehow, 'to slide down out of it since. Am I right?"

I smiled, but made no answer.

"Jack," said he, laughing, "we have both of us been sailors; and I'll lay you fifty dollars that we've plumped upon the same notion."

"What is yours?" said l.

"What is yours?" said l.

"Why," cried he, raising his hand and bringing it down upon his knee, "what could it be, man—if you're in carnest, as I am sure you are—but that you should accompany her to Australia."

In the face of this I mistantly chucked all the considerations which had bothered me clean overbourd.

"Certainly," he answered. "I would not have them know it on any consideration. Taey have concerned themselves enough in this love-bout of yours, and they must not have the least suspicion of your latest scheme. Hawke then may think what he likes."

"Taking that view, it is a pity," said I, "that you should know anything about it."

"Well, I'm not obliged to know," he answered.

"I shan't see you off; and you may change your mind, at the last noment, for all I am to imagine. But I say, Jack, have you really and seriously planned this job?"

"I have, indeed," I exclaimed with energy. "If Florence is to be expatriated, I'll share her banishment. There is not quite enough in a voyage to Australia to frighten me into giving up the girl I love. And besides, there are several points in my favor: the Strathmore belongs to my old employ; I know her skipper well; and then the cost of my keep afloat will be less than I should have to spend ashore."

ashore."

"But what will you do when you get to Sydney?"
asked my uncle, talking as gravely as I could wish.

"Come home again?"

"Not without Florence," said I; "that's if I can make the passage out answer the purpose I have in my mind."

"I'm not asking questions from any impertinent motive," said he. "I don't want you to go and strand yourself t'other side the world. What's the passage money, do you know?"

"A cabin in the cuddy will cost me about sixty pounds."

"One hundred and twenty pounds there and

"Ac ashin in the cuddy will cost me about sixty pounds."

"One hundred and twenty pounds there and back—feeding included—say ten months in all. Yes," said he, "it will be a cheaper job for you at sea than ashore. Nor could you live so well ashore for one hundred and twenty pounds as you will as as first-class passenger. But don't forget that Anut Damaris goes with Florence—she has her under her old wing—and she will show fight, with swelling feathers and distended beak, if you come within pistol-shot of the girl."

"Yes," said I, "but I shall have the advantage of sparring with her on an element she's not used to, but which has been my cradle. Besides," I continued, "I don't know why there should be any fighting. Pernaps my scheme may comprise an alias, for, if my comfort is to be insured by borrowing a name, I ought not to find it very hard to fit myself with a good one."

He held up his hand, laughing. "Don't tell me too much!" he exclaimed. "Keep me honest, by being reserved, for Heaven's sake! But, oh, man, it's a fine scheme, a canny notion! what would I give to be twenty-five, with such a job on hand." I thought, as he poke, that I could trace in his look something of the old deviltry which, my father used to say, had procured his dispatch to sea. "If you do borrow a name," he continued, "take a big one—something long and fine, with a De in front of it. Nothing like a De—it's even better than a Le. There's a Norman touch about De that makes people think of William the Conqueror. But Florence will know you." cried he, suddenly, "You can't deceive her, unless you make up as a priest, or something of that kind. Do you intend that, too!"

"No, said I, laughing. "I must take my chance of Florence keeping my identity a secret from her aunt. If she won't, why then I must brave it out with Aunt Damaris, and do the best I can for myself."

"Oh," said I, "if he's the Dan Thompson I was shipnate with, he'll keep my secret, he'll help me: I have nothing to fear from him."

By this time, seeing how thoroughly in earne

heart to send one of my girls a-trooping in this fashen even with an aunt. How long is she to be away, d'ye know!"

I answered she had written to Sophie that she might be about two years.

"And, of course, she'll bring back the same disposition that she took," he exclaimed; "climate doesn't change the character, and as to the ocean, why, the old fellow couldn't choose a worse field for her—no variety, no change to occupy her, to carry her old thoughts away, nothing but just the sort of monotony that most forces the mind in upon itself and sets it feeding upon memory, as a monkey munches his own tail. But all this is my friend Alphonso's business, not mine; I dare say he thinks he knows what he is about, and that he applands his own cleverness. What do you mean to do when you arrive at Sydney?"

"I have not troubled myself to think, and den't mean to bother myself until I get there," said \(\) "I reckon you'll be praying for contrary winds,' said he. "I wish I could invent an excuse to go along with you. I am often feeling as if I want to be sailing round the world. But, I say, Jack, you must make sure that your sweetheart sails in the Strathmore before hiring a berth. You'd be the biter bit with a vengeance, my iad, to jump aboard, and find when you're half way across the Bay of Biscay that there is no such person as Florence Iliawke in the vessel."

"Never fear," I replied. "I don't know if the Strathmore calls for passengers at Plymouth—the Portia aiways did; but, anyhow, if Plymouth is the last place she looks into, and Miss Hawke and her anul size not about you my turst me to get

Strathmore calls for passengers at Plymouth—the Portia aiways did; but, anyhow, if Plymouth is the last place she looks into, and Miss Hawke and her aunt are not aboard, you may trust me to get Dan Thompson to put me ashore."

"Well, well, you know the ropes," said my uncle: "there's no use teaching you to suck eggs. Your feet are heavier than your head, and you'll always fall upon 'em, I calculate, I daresay my wife would think I have no right to take the interest I feel in this new move of yours. Its not neighborly. As a father tayself, I oughtn't to show a youngster like you any sympathy in this job of dishing a parent's hope, and foisting a son-in-law he objects to upon laim. But I can't help remembering, Jack, that you are my brother Tom's son, and I can't help feeling that the percaptory fashion in which that Australian squatter has warned you off, the insolent manner, in which he has treated you, who are a gentieman and my nephew, and who has done him no other wrong than paying him the handsomest compliment a man can pay a father—I mean, hagely admiring his daughter and loving her for herself only, without a single arrier ponsy—as the French say—respecting what she'll be worth in ducats—I say, I can't help rescuting all this as a derived insult offered to the whole of us Seymours, living and dead, and therefore, my lad, my best hopes accompany you, and if you think' any woman bearing the name of Hawke worthy of so honorable a title as that of Seymour, then I'm not a Christian if I'don't devoutly wish that when you return you'll bring back Florence with you as your wife." And lookdevontly wish that when you return you'll bring back Florence with you as your wife." And look-ing as if this apology for himself had considerably eased his mind, he shook hands with me, paid the bill, and we separated.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STRATHMORE. A good proof of the interest my uncle took in my proposal to ship along with Florence and go to see with her was in a letter I received next morning from him, inclosing a check for one hundred

nounds. He wrote: My DEAR JACK,—The accompanying money "My Dear Jack,—The accompanying money will enable you to pay your passage out, and lay in a stock of shirts and toothpicks for the voyage. Let us have no thanks, no nonsense. Just pay the draft into your bank, if you have one, and belay all jaw about it, unless you want me to think you a swab, which is a term I think you object to. You'll be giving us a call soon, I hope.

"Yours. Uncle."

There also arrived a long letter from Sophie, in

nswer to the lamentations I had poured out to her two days before. The dear girl had evidently taken great deal of trouble in writing this reply, for here were no less than seven quotations, from five poets, whose works it must have been no joke for her to overhaul for the lines, all of which were very apt and very fully bearing upon the state of my heart ; and, moreover, she was exceedingly poetical on her own account, as, for example, when she assured me that love was a plant which tears were invented to keep green, and that if Florence and I were truly attached, Mr. Alphonso Hawke might cause all the seas of the world not only to roll beween us, but over us, without washing away our flection. She gave me some news which was more interesting to me than her poetry, namely, that Mr Hawke, his sister and his daughters bad arrived at Clifton Lodge on the previous day, and that a Miss Booth had told her that Colonel Jones had said to her father that Mr. Howke had told him that his daughter would be leaving Clifton for Australia in about three weeks' time. I say that this news was interesting to me, because it proved that, up to the present, at all events, no change had come over the spirit of Alphonso's intentions.

I wrote a few words of thanks to my uncle for

his handsome gift, and a letter to Sophie, the production of which afflicted me with a lively sense of hypocrisy, as, in order not to excite suspicion, I had to write as if Florence's going rendered me inconsolable. However, if it is possible to conceive any sort of deception forgivable, I think mine was, ungrateful as it might appear, for it was practised at the request of my uncle, who, very properly, did not want his wife and daughters to have any knowledge of the blow I was aiming at old Hawke's schemes. Two days after my chat with my nucle at the hotel, I determined to run down to the East India

Docks, and have a look at the Strathmore. But first I thought it advisable to call, on my way, at the office of the Company, and ascertain if Aunt Damaris and Florence had booked their passage Arrived at Fenchurch-st., I entered the office of Duncan, Golightly & Co., and as I stood at the broad counter, behind which half a dozen of clerks were hard at work, the sense of my old life came up in me so strong that I felt as if my calling were still in me so strong that I felt as if my calling were still that of a sailor, and that I was here to obtain a berth. There was one old chap I remembered; the others were strangers. The ola fellow looked at me through his spectacles but did not recognize me, and went on with his work. A young man came to the counter, and I said: "You have a ship advertised to sail on the 28th?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she call at Plymouth?"

"No. Passengers must embark at the Docks or Gravesend."

"I expect some friends will take cabine in that

"Yes, str."

"Does she call at Plymonth?"

"No. Passengers must embark at the Docks or Gravesend."

"I expect some friends will take cabins in that vessel, and if they go I shall accompany them. Is your cuddy full?"

"No, sir; there are still three cabins vacant."

"Give me the names of the people who have already booked, will yon? I want to know if my friends are among them."

"What are their names, sir?"

"Miss Damaris Hawke and MissfFlorence Hawke."

He looked at a pile of letters, and presently pulled out a sheet of paper, gilt edged, adorned with Alphonso's old gander, and after glancing over it said:

"Miss Damaris Harke and Miss Florence Hawke, No. 6 cabin. The first-named lady arrived home in the vessel last voyage, and occupied the cabin she now applies for." He then laid a plan of the saloon before me, with the cabins numbered. There was a row of six cabins of n side, and two aft, the one on the port side being the captain's; the two forward berths, facing each other, and coming just under the break of the poop, were occupied respectively by the first and second mates.

"This, then," said I, putting my finger on No. 6—that is, the one next the captain's, right aft—" is the cabin that has been taken by the two ladies you name. Which are the berths still to let?"

He indicated them.

"I'll go and have a look at the ship," said I. "What's the charge for one of these cabins?"

"Sixty-two pound ten."

"Do I get the cabin to myself for that?" I asked. He answered that that would depend. The company only guaranteed exclusive use for payment of such a sum (I forget what it was). I'll save my money and take my chance," said I, "of there being more cabins than passengers; in which case, of course, I shall have the berth to myself?"

He answered, "Yes, certainly."

"Are the ladies sure of taking No. 6?"

"Sure." he replied. "Half the passage money was sent with the application."

My heart came into my throat when I heard this. "Tell me now," said I, "if the Captain Thompson, whom I see advertised as the commande

He went to the clerk in the spectacles and repeated my question. The old fellow said yes, without looking ap.

"Is he in London?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, and if you're going down to the Docks at once you'll probably find him aboard. If you like I'll accompany you and show you the ship."

I thanked him, and said I beheved I could find my way to her without assistance, and so quitted the office. I was in joyous spirits as I made my way to the railway station in Fenchurch-st. The fact of the cabin having been secured for Aunt Damaris and Florence, and half the fare paid, made me realize the meaning of the adventurous job I was upon 'o a degree I had not approached before. For three months certain would I be associated with my darling, week after week, day after day, and my heart beat high in me as with the rapidity of thought I drew a score of pictures of our rapturous communion, in gales and calms, in heat and cold, under skies of brass, and nights soft and sweet with meonlight and dew. And a mighty vigorous imagination I must have had, even to come near to anything poetical in Fenchurch-st, station. The roadway was filled with a crowd of grinning fellows, turnpike sailors, loafing scarecrows, as bad as the worst specimens of the ragamuffins I had seen shivering in shipping-yards, and scrawling their hatred of captains and owners upon benches and whitewashed walls. It took me back some years when I got upon the platform and looked at the people who were waiting for the train: mates in velvet waisteoast; skippers with red faces and a consequential strut, smoking cigars; seamen of divers nationalities, some with white bags, some with little bags, some with all they owned in the world wrapped up in red or blue handkerchiefs; Dutchmen, grunting like pigs: negroes, with a bland grin on their thick fips as they stared about them, and English Jack, drunk, shoving and noisy. I say, the sight took me back some years, and it wanted little to persuade me that my chest and bedding were aboard, and that I was bound along with

[To be Continued.]

MADAME HYACINTHE LOYSON.

A SKETCH OF HER CAREER. The wife of the well-known ex-Carmelite, in consequence of her talent, force, zeal and executive abil-ity, has a character as marked as that of Père Hyacinthe htmself. Filling a notable position with circumspection and dignity, she has passed through many notable changes since she was christened Emilie Butterfield in Oswego, New-York, in the year 1833. The ancestors of Mr. Butterfield were among the Filgrims who sailed for America from Leyden, in 1645. After the birth of this daughter and seventh child, the family removed to Westby strong literary tastes and great independence of character. One of the brothers of Madame Loyson, Mr. C. W. Butterfield, is an author and historian in Wisconsin and another, Colonel F. W. Butterfield, is a prominent

resident of Kansas City.

As a young girl, Emille Butterfield had a decided tendency toward religion and at the age of fourteen she had determined to devote herself to the work of foreign missions. The usual experiences befell her, however, for a the age of eighteen, a stately and beautiful girl, she was ed to the altar by Mr. E. R. Muriman, and she settled down to quiet domestic life. On her visit abroad in 1863, she found her predilections leading her toward the Catholic Church. At this period Mrs. Muriman wrote to one of her friends: "I stood to-day for the first time in st. Pe er's, and, Puritan as I am, I never felt so much at home as in this great Catholic basilea as I knelt there and, for the first time in my life, made the sign of the cross on heart and brow. I vowed to God then that if I could help in the regeneration of Rome I would do it." In the year 1867 she became a widow and a second

time visited Rome, where the charm of the great Catholic Church once more became a magnet to the Protestant-reared woman. Against the counsel of Cardinal Anotnelli, she remained in Rome when the echoc of the cannon of Garibaldi reverberated through the Vatican, and witnessed the return of the French troops to the capital. The following year, 1868. Mrs. Muriman joined the Catholic communion, or as she herself expresses it, "I returned to the Catholic faith of our fathers by the Porta Romana." And she as she herselt expresses it. Treathed to the Cataone faith of our fathers by the Porta Romana." And she protested against using the term "abjuring Protestantsm." insisting upon the fact that though she might be a schismatic she was not a heretic. "I am simply a Christian of the Apostolic Church," said she, "which was certainly Catholic." It follows that when the division between the Ultramontanes and Jesuits on the one hand and the Liberal Catholics on the other became greatly marked, she was found among the Old Catholics, rejecting new dogmas, such as the Papai Intallibility. A Lady of culture, position and influence, to say nothing of the qualities which perfain to a strong mind and a powerful will. Mrs. Muriman's salon in Rome became the resort of the bishops of the opposition during the last council of the Vatican. The Pope, vaciliating and weak, though kind and gentle, fell her power and acknowledged it in conversation with his attendants.

**Alke all Americans, Mrs. Muriman was much exercised by "the condition of Roman women, so ignorant and so heipless, and she turned her energies toward the foundation of a college within the walls of the old city, for the superior education of women. In 1872 she had perfected plans for this purpose, the Italian Government, through Signor Correnti, the Minister of Public Instruction, oftering to make an appropriation of 50,000 lire (810,000) to further this project, while the syndicate of

superior education of women. In 1872 she had perfected plans for this purpose, the Italian Government, through Signor Correnti, the Minister of Public Instruction, othering to make an appropriation of 50,000 lire (\$10,000) to further this project, while the syndicate of Prince Pallanicini, acting for the municipality of Rome, offered her the choice of several localities for the college use. The much-needed institution was never ready to open its doors to the young women of Kome, however, for in 1872 the originator of the movement in favor of higher education became the wife of Perc Hyachthe, after which all her powers were directed into those channels in which flow the labors of the ex-Carmellte. Before this event occurred she had been approached by an emissary from a certain Cardinal, with assurances of appreciation for the philanthropic undertaking together with the offer of a subsidy and the title of counfess in case she accepted the auspices of the party of the Vattcan. This was promptly refused.

From the date of that marriage, which shocked the Ultramontane wing of the Catholic Church, Madame Hyachthe-Loyson has been a tower of strongth to the Père in all his undertakings. In a letter, published at that time, he announced that remarkable step to be a recognition of a principle of the right of pricets to become heads of families. In his ministry at Geneva and afterward in Paris—when France was open to preaching—Madame Hyachthe Loyson has given herself unreservedly to the work of furthering the interests of the Gallican Church in every way in which a woman can be a help-meet. She speaks several languages fluently, and now acts as interpreter whenever needed, as the Père reads but does not speak English. During her residence abroad before her marriage she was a frequent contributor to periodicals and papers in this country, but the communications were generally anonymous. Her letters to The Independent from Rome in 1870 attracted much attention at the time. They were staned "An Old Catholic." At all times sh

QUITE A MISUNDERSTANDING OF COURSE .-Box Passenger: "By Jove, driver, it blows hard up here. Quite sure you're full inside?" Driver: "Yea're right, sir, it do blow sharp; and, as you're so pressin', I am't so full but I can find room for Two o' Run' Ot when we gets to the Angel. Way up! Tehk!"—[Fun.

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

ART LOAN AND SALMAGUNDI EXHIBITIONS-A DIS-PLAY OF METAL WORK-NOTES AMONG THE DEALERS. It is now more than probable that the Loan Exhibition at the Academy will result in a considerable addition to their destal Fund. The exhibition has met with most generous patronage. At the door the sales of

single tickets at 50 cents each have averaged about 1,100 daily. Of the coupon tickets, twelve of which are sold for \$5, some ten or twelve dozen usually find pur-chasers in the course of the day. The sales of cafalogues, the price of which is \$1, vary daily from 200 to 300. These figures are not given as being exact, but they are nearly enough correct to afford a lair estimate of the receipts at the exhibition. As the sales of tickets show, the attendance has been extremely large, and the interest in the collection vppears to be well maintained. Meantime the Salmagundi Exhibition is somewhat

overshadowed by its brilliant neighbor. Fewer people than usual have visited the exhibition, which enters to-morrow upon its last week, closing December 21. About twenty-five pictures have been sold thus far, and the list is as follows: "The Inlet," by A. F. Bellows, \$25 50; two sketches by Mrs. Eliza Greatorex; "Far Away," by Girsch, \$45; " In the Harvest , Field," by F.O. C. Darley, \$50; "A Winter Evening," by Stephen Parrish, \$125; "Fishing Smack," by Harry Chase, \$75; "Psyche," by J. W. Champney, \$35; "Twilight," by G. H. McCord, \$30; "By the Brook," by C. H. Eaton, \$45; "Study of Ducks," "By the Brook," by C. H. Eaton, \$45; "Study of Ducks," by Charles Volkmar, \$35; "Lillith," by M. B. O. Fowler, \$65; "Autumn Sketch," by C. E. Cookman, \$15; "The Brook," by C. E. Cookman, \$15; "The C. E. Cookman, \$35; "A Goose Party," by Charles Vo'kmar, \$100; "The Twins," by J. W. Pattison, \$15; and "A Jersey Swamp," by Julian Rix, \$75. The sales amount to over \$300. An exhibition of hammered metal work was lately held at No. 124 Fifth-ave, under the auspices of the "Woman's Institute of Technical Design." There was shown much sounding brass, with a little con-There was shown much sounding brass, with a little cop-per and German silver, beaten into shapes appropriate for various articles of common use. The designs were not worth considering as regards originality. There was the usual liberal borrowing of Japanese chrysanthemums, storks and dragons. The workmanship appeared of good quality. In technical work of this kind, properly directed, it would seem that there might be found new fields for skilled labor in which much wasted taient could be utilized. It is necessary, of course, to submit to the constant encroachments of machinery upon hand labor, but nevertheless there will always be a demand for hand work of genuine worth, and artistic designing has already wrought a great improvement in many machine-made products. The fruits of the increased attention paid of products. The fruits of the increased attention paneon late years to designs for wall-papers, carpets and rugs can be seen in the stores, and in private houses. Anything which tends to infuse a more artistic feeling into common life is certainly to be encouraged, and it is certainly to be regretted that art is too often regarded as something entirely foreign to the ordinary life of the average man; as if art were represented merely by oil paintings or statuary, which can only belong to the wealthy. Anything which chables persons of moderate means to make their floors and walls beautiful, and to possess graceful and pleasing articles, however common they may be, for household use, does much toward removing this feeling. And it is in this, as well as the training for productive labor, that the merit lies of such schools as those of South Kensington. In Philadelphia Mr. Charles Leland is directing industrial and technical training with results of great promise. In this city the industrial and technical schools connected with the Met-ropolitan Museum have, it is understood, suffered for lack of funds, although their objects certainly merit encouragement. In another branch of the same subject Mrs. Wheeler's remarkable exhibition of embroideries a the Academy shows what has already been accomplished. Some incidental instruction is necessarily given by such Some incidental instruction is necessarily given by such practical schools of decorative art as the establishment of Mrs. Louis Tiffany, and that still directed by, Mr. John La Farge. But there is, of course, in this city no approach to the South Keusington schools, no general and casily accessible means of securing an industrial and technical training which shall include designing, and certain branches of decorative art. Meantime such attempts as that illustrated by this exhibition of metal work must be accepted as forerunners of something better hereafter. And the only moral of this, as of the Christmas card exhibition, seems to be that American students are quick to execute the designs of others, but poor in conceptions original with themselves.

The Brooklyn Art Exhibition appears to have died and made no sound. But it is understood that the sales were fairly successful. There is talk of a loan exhibition to be held in Brooklyn in aid of the Pedestal Pund. The loan collection of paintings brought together last year for some charitable purpose was certainly well worth seeing. The paintings from Mr. Seney's gailery, which included a remarkable group of Rousseaus, with the pictures loaned by other citizens of Brooklyn, made up a cellection which it would be a pleasure to see again, with the addition of such new works as would doubtless be contributed.

At the American Art Gallery there has been placed on view a painting by Theodore Haufmana which is de-scribed by the title, "Martin Luther nailing his Theses on the Church-door at Wittenberg," The subject will be found not uninteresting, if the Luther celebrations have not become too entirely titings of the past, but the exe-cution seems dry and hard and overr-calistic in compari-son with the better class of modern French paintings.

There was a pleture in an exhibition at the Academy some time since upon which the artist had spent an infinite amount of painful cato. The subject was simply the end of a peacock's feather. Every the and shade af color was rendered with wearisome claboration and fidelity, but the spectation naturally found himself asking. "After all, what does it amount to?" Probably many who looked over an exhibition of works made by Mr. J. M. Gancengigt, at the gatlery of Mesers. Moore and Chirke, asked themselves the same question. A Boston firm which had contracted for all their to the same question. A Boston firm which had contracted for all their to the same question. A Boston firm which had contracted for all their to exhibition strevies been tried upon the Boston public. For the whole three years Mr. Gaugengid appears to have been shut up in his studio, laboriously tolling over some small studies from models, upon whom he has tried the effects of various more or less pletturesque costumes. These califact genres are bright and clever. They show that in painting satin, or indeed any stuffs, Mr. Gaugengid has attained no mean order of skill. There is no originally in concepten, and certainly mone in methods. It is upon the finences of his inish, the microscopic exactness of his work, that the artist rests his claims. It attained his property of the property of the strength of the property of th There was a picture in an exhibition at the Academy some time since upon which the artist had spent an in-

throad. And American taste may be trusted to distinguish good work from bad."

The same dealer commented upon a much copied article by M. Vertan, upon foreries of pictures. M. Vertan stated that there were seld yearly at the Hotel Drouot 1,200 Daubignys. 3,000 Corots, 2,000 Troyons and others on the same royal scale. But the dealer, who is just back from a residence of mineteen months in Paris, proclaimes this statement atterly faise. He says that he has frequented the eighteen of twenty anction rosons in the Hotel Drouot assiduously, and has never seen any reasons for such wholesale charges. "Occasionally, no doobt, a borus picture does get into a sale at the Hotel Drouot, but schlom, and it is a serious thing for an anctioner with any vestige of a reputation to offer false pictures as genuine. Now the artists named painted a creat many pictures to be sure, and a taste for their works has only spring up within the last twenty years, but if so many examples as are stated were put up for sake yearly do you not think that every one would notice and proclaim the fact. The Hotel Drouot is a public centre. Nothing soes on there privately. Those upon whom bugus paintings are saddied are usually persons in search of bargains, who go into filtie shops in Paris to buy a large Corot for a hundred frames, or a "superb' Treyon for 200." Nevertheless it seems from the vast quantity of examples of Corot, Diaz, Danisiny, etc., which have passed through this city in the last few years, that a great many visitors to "the small shops in Paris to buy a great many though this city in the hast few years, that a great thany visitors to "the small shops in Paris to buy a great many continuous of the small shops in Paris to buy a great their nurchases to this country.